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OUT OF THE DESERT

BY THEDA KENYON

DUSK

The great red sun-eye closes.
Over the desert, long lines of patient camels swing slowly, rhythmically to rest,
Their shadows falling weirdly over the sands,
Merging into their eternal peace at last. . . .

A little, shrill-voiced flute has caught the strain of eventide:
It warbles uncertainly,
Like a young bird essaying its first song, in early Spring.

I see the ponderous tent-rolls, gradually untwining,
Until the desert has blossomed, colorful as a Sultan's garden.
And you are untwining your silken limbs languorously,
Until your cushions, in turn, have blossomed with the pallid glory of you.

NIGHT

The myriad tents lie nestled to the sands,
Crimson and purple, hung with murmurous bells,
Of brass and bronze, and silver. . . . The low sky
Star-jewelled, hangs in heavy-lidded ecstasy. . . .

Oh, my Beloved, leave the inner warmth,
The enervating comfort of your tent,
Your drowsy cushions, lavender and rose. . . .
Fling off your jasmine-scented veils,
And leap, untrammelled, white, like a slim lily,
Blooming at night unguessed in desert sands,
To greet me waiting here in shadowy quiet,
By the love-singing stream. . . .